

# Year Book

1938

Calgary General Hospital Alumnae  
Association



By Courtesy of HARRY WEBERLING, formerly of C.G.H. Staff.

## FOREWORD

DOROTHY THOMAS (FRASER '19), EDITOR.

1420 Premier Way, Calgary, Alta.

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"YOU must begin with a Preface or Foreword," we were advised. That should be simple we thought rather airily as filled with zeal and high endeavor, we wrote letters, spent hours on the telephone and coaxed, aye, even pleaded for material to make your Year Book interesting. We felt assured that with its completion a lovely calm would settle upon us, causing a very superior Editorial to flow easily from our pen, but such was not the case; alas! our mind was a complete blank.

We read somewhere that whatever is said in a Preface will (as in the case of other crimes) be used against the sayer later. We've got our fingers crossed and invite your criticism (we know we will get it, so we may as well be big about it), but let it be constructive criticism, which strives to improve rather than destroy, and which will help us with suggestions and material for our 1939 edition. Send us a poem—a sketch—a song—some interesting or amusing incident in your everyday life. Why not let us "DISCOVER" you? Genius is so shy, and who knows what talent may lie dormant in our midst.

In conclusion we wish to record our very grateful appreciation of all those whose generous contributions, encouragement and patience have made this Year Book possible, and we pray forgiveness from those whose letters we have used, to whom we offer our especial thanks.

The following verse expresses in poetry what we could never achieve in prose:

Bubbles of yellow, green and red,  
Sold by a lady in a red shawl.  
If only I had a golden pound,  
I'd buy the lot and release them all  
To float all over the world, and say  
"May you be happy this Christmas Day."

—From "THE BALLOON SELLER.

# 1938 Year Book 1938

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Calgary General Hospital Alumnae Association

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## CHRISTMAS MESSAGE TO THE GRADUATES OF THE CALGARY GENERAL HOSPITAL



SARA S. MACDONALD, R.N.  
Supt. of Nurses, C.G.H.

AS we now near the close of another year, I again deem it a privilege to extend to you a message through the pages of your Alumnae Year Book.

With the onward march of time and the rapidly changing scenes in the world's affairs today, we are greatly impressed by the position of prominence which the nursing profession continues to occupy.

The University degrees recently conferred on two of our outstanding professional leaders, Miss Hersey and Miss Gunn, paid not only glowing tribute to those two brilliant women, but highly honored the profession as a whole and marked another history-making period.

Though summits have been reached, there still remains wide fields to conquer. The golden era lies not in the past but in the future where horizons become expanded and a perspective dawns, bringing into reality the dreams and visions of our noble predecessors. They, the torch-bearers, by keeping bright the flame of courage and determination, surmounted countless obstacles and brought us, as a heritage, to the place on which we stand today.

Your Alumnae, guided by the able directorship of your worthy President, Mrs. Straker, and her associate workers, has made rapid strides. The colorful picture displayed at the Arena, when filled to capacity by a most enthusiastic audience on the evening of October 28th, "Hospital Night" expressed as perhaps no words can, the splendid success brought about by their untiring efforts, and revealed the spirit of the Calgary General Alumnae.

The Christmas season is a time when memories awaken, bringing us closer together and when perhaps may be heard in the distance, strains of the Christmas Carols, singing as of yore.

And now may I bring to you all, both near and far, my warmest greetings with wishes for a Joyous Christmas and a Very Happy New Year.

Faithfully yours,

*Sara. S. Macdonald -*  
SARA S. MACDONALD, R.N.,

# THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

## TO FELLOW ALUMNAE



ELIZABETH C. STRAKER  
President  
Calgary General Alumnae.

THE 1938 Year Book is being prepared as a tangible expression of our Christmas greeting to you.

I'm sorry that 102 of our absent members (who now number almost 500) will not receive this number of the Year Book, but it is because they have never yet joined the Alumnae at all. It is felt that seeing the bulletins for the three years and the two previous Year Books went to all of our graduates who live away from Calgary, the time has come when further communications and news should only go to those who have joined and so expressed a willingness to keep in touch with their classmates and their Hospital.

We hope we are not working a hardship upon anyone in making this decision. It is not our wish to do so. If any of you who, on reading this, know of a graduate who has only overlooked joining because of slackness, etc., will you please tell her what she is missing and prevail upon her to send in her membership fee, when we shall be happy to mail a copy of this Year Book to her.

Beginning with the annual report given by the writer in January last, this 1938 Year Book has tried to recapture the spirit of the chief events throughout the year so that our absent members may thus share in our activities, and our city members live again some of those happy occasions.

We have had another good year. The spirit of enthusiastic co-operation which characterizes our meetings and comes to full expression at the annual graduation banquet and reunion, and later during the Ice Frolic campaign in October, is the keynote of our success. There's nothing finer to be desired in an organization than harmony, enthusiasm and co-operation. With these three ingredients we "go places."

The new graduates who have completed their training since we organized in 1936, are greatly encouraging us by responding so heartily to the welcome we give them, and by making themselves at once part of us both in attendance and support.

And now the calendar says Christmas is not more than five weeks away. As far as the weather indicates it might easily be early September. This Fall, Alberta need not concede the glories of fine weather to any part of the North American Continent. It's been a remarkable spell. We have all run out of adjectives to describe it. A good crop was followed by the most excellent weather for harvesting, and now though we have at last lost the glory of gold in which the whole countryside has been clothed for weeks, the sun is shining, the sky is blue, and we say with great feeling:

### "Happy Christmas To You"

Somewhere Dickens said that the spirit of Christmas reunites members of a family no matter how scattered—so we hope our Year Book will reunite our Alumnae members in spirit so that we can fancy we are once more singing carols at 6 a.m. up and down the corridors of the old C.G.H.

Sincerely,

*Elizabeth C. Straker  
— Shirley —*

ELIZABETH C. STRAKER,  
('Shirley').

# PRESIDENT'S ANNUAL REPORT

JANUARY, 1938.

**A**NOTHER year has sped away and we begin the third year of our organization's life. This is the time when Companies and individuals do their stocktaking and review their businesses—formulate their policies for another year.

No doubt you have all taken your individual inventory; reviewed last year's good and bad—wiped off old scores and resolved on a New Year's campaign. Not least amongst your New Year resolutions I'm sure was one that this New Year you would rise to your feet at least once and be heard in our meetings to give expression to your ideas about the Alumnae. That's one resolution you must keep—put a paper weight on it. In this connection it occurs to me that we will be strengthened on the floor each year with the changing of the Executive. As these members take their places back in the ranks and new members come on the Executive to take their part in the administration of the Alumnae's affairs, we shall have no lack of those who will take active part in discussion. Who knows, we may become so strong by this process, that in time all the business will get done from the floor. The President of that time will find her task not to encourage speech, but to restrain it!

We are in the fortunate position at this time to be able to survey the past year's activities with satisfaction. A "good" old year it was for us as an organization. Increased membership, a successful banquet, successful Ice Carnival, an arrangement with our Hospital to the mutual benefit of both parties, the extreme pleasure on our part to have been able so materially to assist our Hospital, but the greatest achievement of the year—the continued happy fellowship prevailing in our ranks and evidenced at our meetings. With that good feeling as the balance on the right side of the ledger (rather than any amount of money), we can go into this New Year with high hopes of continued success in our undertakings.

This year we shall face the necessity of financing the cost of a suitable central meeting place, therefore we shall want to justify the outlay in good meetings both of interest and attendance. If we continue to grow as we have and should, this feature of expense need not bother us. It is a justifiable apportionment to spend on ourselves in order that we may become better able to earn to spend on others. We can legitimately expect our membership to grow each year. You have heard from the Membership Convenor's Report how we stand. We can do a little further analysis of these figures whilst we are on this end-of-the-year review. Of our 670 graduates there are 172 who have never joined at all. How about taking two each from your own year to work upon? This year of 1938 is the 40th Anniversary of our Training School. Could we not mark it by a 500 membership out of a total of 700 which we shall become with the graduation of the 1938 class?

In regard to this coming year, may I suggest that we shall do as much if not more for the Florence Nightingale Fund as we did last year; make further purchases of equipment for the Hospital; take care of our out-of-town members with the usual bulletins and Year Book, and carry on the ordinary functions for the Calgary members. I think we may quite easily assume that a goodly portion of our success lies in the fact that we have tried to do as much as we can for the graduates who are living away from Calgary. Had we organized only to take care of local members, interest might have waned, but we are stimulated from the outside by the warm and sincere joy of the absent members in being linked up again through the Alumnae, with their classmates and their Hospital. Do you not think that it speaks volumes for their memories and loyalties, that after the passage of so many years without the link afforded by the Alumnae, they should be so glad to join as absent members?

Before closing I would like to commend again for your consideration—

THAT WE CONCERN OURSELVES MORE IN THE PROVINCIAL  
NURSES' ASSOCIATION BY TAKING AN INTEREST IN THE  
WELFARE OF THE LOCAL GRADUATE NURSES' ORGANIZATION.

Some of you belong both to that body and this. At this time we are losing our very capable Treasurer from that position with us, because of her loyal anxiety to be of more assistance to the Graduate Nurses' Association in the same capacity. In view of this, I want to digress just here to look at this matter with you.

As members of the Alumnae of the C.G.H. we meet in a spirit of *esprit-de-corps*—to keep in contact as graduates of the same Hospital. The Calgary Graduate Nurses' Association meets as graduate nurses in Calgary—no matter of which Hospital. They thus actively represent the Provincial and Dominion Associations here; they interpret to Calgary nurses and the Calgary public the aims and status of the nursing profession. We can only be evaluated by outsiders as a professional body to the extent that we value ourselves.

The Graduate Nurses' organization is the only nursing body in Calgary that can do things for you as a professional person, in a legislative way. It deserves the sympathetic interest and support of all of us whether actively engaged in nursing or not. Probably one

reason why we cannot accomplish more about better hours of service for nurses, better rates, a local registry, is because we are not recognizing ourselves as professional women, and acting on that recognition, joining the one body that can act to accomplish things for us.

The newer graduates probably do not know what a struggle it has been to keep the local Graduate Nurses' group alive. 'Tis strange, but true. Representing as it does, the only professional medium we have here in Calgary, it is the last group that should be deserted in time of stress. It nearly submerged, but was never quite beyond recovery. If it is true that the Calgary public is not hospital-minded, it is equally true that the Calgary nurses are not professionally-minded. This affects too seriously every graduate nurse, to be dismissed without consideration.

On this occasion it is customary for the President to extend her official thanks for the support of members in the past year. I now want to do THAT, but not in an "official" sense at all. I'm much too aware of the marvellous support that has been given me to extend my thanks in any spirit of "it-must-be-done." It is a joy to do it. I cannot sufficiently stress how much I appreciate the loyal assistance of the Executive, the members of the Committees, and the constant interest and enthusiasm of every member. What has made the year successful is not just the ORDINARY doing of the job by the respective officers but the EXTRAORDINARY enthusiasm of them and of all of you. The "spirit" of this organization is the secret of its success. Keep it up and who knows what we shall accomplish.

To Miss Macdonald and her staff we tender thanks and appreciation for all they do to further our cause. Their constant attendance at our meetings is an inspiration and added incentive. My warmest thanks to each one of you.

(Signed) ELIZABETH C. STRAKER,  
President.

## A "STAR" SPEAKS HER MIND

By MARY MACLEAR, '16.

(The following is requested by the Author to be read in one breath!—Editor.)

A gentle but firm voice on the office phone said "Maclear you have got to write something for the Year Book on 'How it feels to be a Star'—and it has got to be good." Before I had recovered from the shock the phone clicked in my ear. I have not slept for nights and nights and all day I wander around in a daze, and ". . . it has got to be good!" is what has got me down.

"HOW It Feels to Be a Star" is a mixture of your first day in the Hospital and the bell ringing at 6 a.m. and the head nurse looking like a battle axe as she says 'have you cleaned all the bedpans and urinals and all the bathrooms and did you put 411 in fumigation and I suppose you forgot to list the new patient's clothes and take his valuables to the office and did you get a specimen of urine from that emergency and get the urinalysis and take his teeth out before he went to the operating room, and who made that bed and are you sure the hot water bottle is, not too hot and did 401 void and 405's bowels move and who gave that patient iced water to drink and the first time you gave a gastric lavage and after he had gone to the operating room she says 'are you sure you did not leave any fluid in his stomach' and you wonder whether it would be better to break a leg or just commit suicide and your first night on duty in maternity with two patients in labor and your first day in the operating room and the first time you scrub and the doctor says 'give me long sutures' and she says 'give him short sutures' you must not waste Hospital supplies and when you counted the sponges counted them wrong and wondered if it were the missing sponge that was sticking in your throat and your first case after you graduate and the awful feeling when the phone rang and the still awful feeling when it didn't and anyway it seemed such a let-down to me to play a part in heavy drama when I have always wanted to dance like Ginger Rogers."



C.G.H. DRAMATIC GROUP  
"Now girls, I want this scene to ooze glamor."

# 1938 GRADUATING CLASS

Graduation This Year Was Held in Grace Presbyterian Church.  
The Following is a Full List of the Graduates:

NAME	HOME ADDRESS	PRESENT ADDRESS
JEAN BYRDIE ANDERSON (Scholarship)	No. 4 Lorraine Apts.	Permanent Staff, Calgary General Hospital
EILEEN M. BATTRUM	617—1st Ave. N.W., Calgary.	Relief Staff, Calgary General Hospital
CATHERINE BROWN	Box 574, Drumheller.	
MARGUERITE CORNBOROUGH	423—9A St. N.E., Calgary	
DORIS H. DANCEY	Blackie, Alberta.	Graduate Staff, Municipal Hospital, Wetaskiwin.
ELIZABETH EVANS	139—10th Ave. N.E.,	
FLORA GIBB	135—34th Ave. S.W., Calgary.	Graduate Staff, Municipal Hospital, Wetaskiwin.
DOROTHY M. HAITH	1031—19th Ave. S.E., Calgary.	London, England.
ALICE H. HOWITT	110—8A St. N.E., Calgary.	Graduate Staff, The White Hospital, Lewiston, Idaho.
DOROTHY MAIDA LEA	703 Sifton Blvd., Calgary	
GRACE I. MURRAY	315—6th Ave. W., Calgary	
EVELYN RAE MCLEOD Class President, (Silver Medal)	Banff, Alberta.	1721—7th Avenue N.W., Calgary, Alta.
HELEN W. PAIN	1415—3rd St. N.W., Calgary.	Graduate Staff, Drumheller Hospital.
IRENE P. RITCHIE	1443—15th St. E., Calgary.	Graduate Staff, The White Hospital, Lewiston, Idaho.
MARGARET G. RODERICK	Cairns, Alberta.	Graduate Staff, The White Hospital, Lewiston, Idaho.
FRANCES P. ROSS	Claresholm, Alberta.	
ELIZABETH A. SWIFT (Gold Medal)	1430—6th St. N.W., Calgary.	
ELEANOR LAURIE ADOLPH	3003—6th St. S.W. Calgary	
EILEEN M. CORBETT	Calgary General Hospital.	
KATHLEEN DAWSON	2321—15A St. E., Calgary.	
JEANETTE M. GUNN	856 Hillcrest Ave., Calgary	
HONOR G. LANGLEY	Chinook, Alberta.	Calgary General Hospital.
ORMA E. K. McAULEY	1314 Shelbourne St., Calgary.	Calgary General Hospital.
HELEN POCOCK	Okotoks, Alberta.	Galt Hospital, Lethbridge.
JESSIE W. ROBB	Drumheller, Alberta.	
LOIS K. ROGERS (Now Mrs. Wm. Wales)	3806—19th St. S.W.	Tudor Apts., Lethbridge.
RUTH A. STEAD	Calgary.	
MARION F. TOPPIN	1325—11th Ave. W., Calgary.	
ISABEL VAN VOLKENBURG	822—4th St. N.E., Calgary	Calgary General Hospital.
AUDREY RUTH WALDRON	Swalwell, Alberta.	
CORA C. WALKER	3713—15A St. S.W., Calgary.	Calgary General Hospital.
KATHLEEN M. WARREN	1708—28th Ave. S.W., Calgary.	Calgary General Hospital.



## TREASURER'S REMINDER

Your Membership Committee has asked us to let you know that the 1938 number of paid-up members now totals 423. And while we are on the subject of membership may we remind you that your 1939 fees are due in January. In this connection the following resolution is now part of our By-Laws:

"Be it resolved that for the protection of the hospital management, and for the proper regulation of the matter—any member who has not paid the current year's fee before April 1st in any one year will not be eligible for hospital benefit during that year.

"Also from 1938 on, any member whose membership has lapsed and remained unpaid for any year or years, must bring the unpaid arrears up to date in order to become a member in good standing."

The Treasurer's address is: Mrs. F. HAMMILL, 1110—12th AVE. W., CALGARY.

# ANNUAL BANQUET AND REUNION

MAY 6th, 1938.

Contributed by HILDA PATERSON, '32.

So you missed the banquet! What a pity! Now, just for that, we'll tell you about it and live it over again with you.

We had a wonderful evening, full of fun and inspiration—the thrill of seeing those dear faces again, the pals with whom we trained, with whom we swapped yārns and clothes, with whom we shared tears and mirth. You know what we mean!

The gathering was held in the Renfrew Club and when the tumult and the shouting had died and all the "do-you-remembers" were silenced, we sat down to a delectable banquet—roast chicken and trimmings. Then came the toasts and speeches, and we may say here that tradition suffered a terrific blow—no dry orations for C.G.H. Alumnae. And so, "Ladies—the King!" Our President, in her unparalleled style, welcomed the new graduates, and her words held courage and wisdom, not only for the radiant young women looking ahead to a roseate future, but also to us who look back.

Came then a dramatically told tale of Ogistah, the Indian maiden who, as she was being spirited away on the hurricane deck of a flying steed, loosed her bonds and stabbed her kidnapper—Ha! we hung on her words with bated breath. Whose words! Those of Stanley, now Mrs. Partridge.

The toast to the Graduating Class was proposed by MacNeil, cl.'37, and responded to by E. R. McLeod, President of the Graduating Class.

And here we enjoyed an unusual interim of reminiscences given by Mrs. Oscar Moorehouse, cl. '07. Among other things she told of the two hundred cowboys who, in appreciation for what had been done for some of their number, gathered together a sum of money to furnish a room in the hospital. So here history again repeats itself—this time we leave the cowboys to the foothill ranges, and every year stage a carnival to achieve the same objective.

Mrs. Gibson, cl.'19, gave the toast to the T.S.O. and this was responded to by our own Superintendent, Miss Macdonald. With one accord we raised our voices in the Alma Mater song and verily the rafters did ring. We would like you to know that Mrs. Thomas, cl.'19, composed the words which are sung to the tune of the Stein Song:

Raise your vbices C.G.H.  
Shout till the rafters ring,  
Yearly will our gathering here,  
Good fellowship and friendship bring;  
Remember all the nights on call,  
The Mat, O.R., D.K. and trays,  
The gauze room of eternal dressings,  
A memory haunting all our days.

To the Heads! to the Meds! the future  
and all that it holds for us,  
One and all, hear the call, of a world  
full of work to be done,  
Our Guests, we wish you happy days,  
ourselves good luck in our endeavor,  
We toast you now, The Calgary General,  
Past, present, future and for ever.

After a short intermission during which the reminiscing chatter once again held sway, a one-act comedy was enacted, entitled "Joint Owners in Spain." Our fine actresses, Margaret Caffrey, Dora Mott, Mary MacLear, Gertrude O'Keefe, depicted most realistically the situation when four lonely ladies of questionable age and great differences of opinion attempt to dwell harmoniously under the same roof.

Here, a merry troupe of minstrels, typical cotton-pickers of the south, composed of spooning couples, black-faced mammals and one small "niggah" boy. How the welkin rang with southern tunes made rhythmic by the aid of triangles, bells, clappers, kazzos and seeds—not forgetting dear old Uncle Tom who tooted the horn with might and main.

A very grand evening was brought to a reluctant close by "Auld Lang Syne" and a fervid wish that next year will find us in another happy reunion.

## MISS MACDONALD'S REPLY TO THE TOAST TO TRAINING SCHOOL STAFF

I am most happy to be with you this year on the occasion of the third banquet of the Alumnae.

You who are graduates of the Calgary General Hospital value this organization, chiefly because it is the medium by which you meet one another and renew friendships. Those of us who are not graduates of the "C.G.H." but are closely linked to it with you, value the organization also, because it permits us to meet you at the monthly meetings and greet a larger representation at this annual reunion.

Without these opportunities, we should drift away from the contacts made with the students, meeting only those whom circumstances brought back to the hospital as visitors or patients.

We appreciate what the Alumnae is doing for the hospital and for its members. Anything which promotes loyalty and goodwill is valuable in this world of changing values and relationships. It may only be a ripple of essential good in the vast schemes of things, but the whole is made up of innumerable "ripples," therefore your contribution to the general goodwill is not to be disregarded.

Speaking for Miss Hebert, Miss Connal and myself, we appreciate the tribute paid us by Mrs. Gibson and thank her for her kindly remarks. Of the seven hundred graduates that have gone from the Training School, a goodly percentage have passed through the hands of the present Training School Staff, and as a group, we feel we may be justly proud of them all.

We recognize the fact that the fine reputation our Training School bears is due in a very great measure, to the accomplishments, deportment and achievements of our nurses whom the School has sent forth into the nursing world. The School, it is true, is responsible for the training which started them on their way, but the graduates, by their further efforts, have achieved for their School the good name it bears in many parts of the world.

### TO THE GRADUATING CLASS:

To this our Graduating Class and your most recent members, I would say a special word of greeting and farewell. You are entering the ranks of graduate nurses at a time when nursing is definitely on the upward trend. You will find as you journey along the nursing road, there is always a place for the well qualified and earnest-minded. Therefore, my advice to you is to find your own best field, put all your ability into it, improve yourselves steadily and you will find no lack of opportunities.

You have only now finished your apprenticeship, your training. Your real career lies before you. The future teems with possibilities, but they do not come to you—you must make an effort to find them.

The success of the days ahead of you will depend on the amount of effort and application you give to them. You have given nobly and well during your student days. Your hospital hopes good things for you and of you. The banner of your Training School has been kept high by those who have gone before and I know your Alumnae will have every reason to be proud of this latest addition to its ranks.



## "HOSPITAL NIGHT" ICE FROLIC CALGARY ARENA, OCTOBER 28th, 1938.

THE big effort of the year is over. I refer to the annual campaign for raising funds from which we spend money on our Hospital.

You—our members out of town—miss plenty of work and fun, in not being here to sell tickets—and more tickets—and more tickets!!

We made a bigger effort this year, and with the assistance of a good crop year, plus marvellous weather, our "Hospital Night" Ice Frolic went over big. Note the new name. We talked Ice Frolic day and night for all of October until all of Calgary and district knew there was a C.G.H., AND an Alumnae, AND an Ice Frolic coming off on October 28th, on the Arena's opening night.

Picture a huge printed banner floating high above the crowds on 7th Avenue, and attached to the Bay and the Herald Buildings, bearing the words "Hospital Night—Ice Frolic, Arena, October 28th." It was a constant reminder, and gaily fluttered its message for two weeks prior to the event. We had a "going" publicity campaign—radio broadcasts, and most important of all, the individual campaigners canvassing districts to sell tickets. We are not forgetting those nearby out-of-town members who sold so well in their own localities. Good work! The nurses in town worked nobly, and the arena was packed. Over 4,000 people there, and we netted \$650.00 as a result, which,

with the sum realized on advertising, will give us \$900.00 odd to put in our special fund. What do you think of that, out-of-towners? Don't you think the home crew are doing well for our Alma Mater?

Three cheers for Mrs. Lillian Hanna Valentine, who convened the whole affair. Only those closely in touch with her know just how much work it meant. "Hanna" was most ably assisted by a Committee consisting of Mrs. Ralph Wilson who had charge of the advertising for the programme; Mrs. Lloyd McPhee, who captained the twelve uniformed nurses at the Arena selling programmes (and did they sell 'em); Mrs. F. Hammill, our Treasurer, who handled the distribution and collection of 3,500 tickets (what a job), and Miss J. Gunn, who got us such good publicity. This group did a fine piece of team work and backed by the marvellous crowd of ticket sellers, made a real job.

Last year you may remember, Miss Macdonald mentioned the inspiration of the word "together" as being a talisman for success. We certainly were "together" and we did it!

"Not a grumble was heard,  
Nor a discordant note  
As toward the Ice Frolic we hurried."

#### HIGHLIGHTS:

1. "Hospital Night"—a slogan definitely established.
2. Due to personal touch of ticket sellers, a wide public interest secured.
3. The excellent speeches of Brig. G. R. Pearkes, V.C., D.S.O., M.C. (opening the frolic), and Dr. E. P. Scarlett, giving the public a very definite idea of the character of our association and the worthiness of its aims and activities.
4. Full house as well as good programme, ensures favorable reception for next year.
5. The great satisfaction of having given every patron full entertainment—"value for money."



## THE STUDENT NURSES' PARTY

OCTOBER 3rd, 1938

Contributed by MARGARET CAFFREY (Shield, '27.)

*A*ND an interesting and aseptic wedding took place in the C.G.H. Alumnae Meeting House on October 3rd in the presence of the Alumnae members and their guests, the student nurses, when Morrisca Gilliam Trendelenberg, only daughter of the Rev. Epidermis Trendelenberg, became the bride of Major Pectoralis Potts, second son of the famous fracture of that name.

The suturing ceremony was performed by the Rev. Midline Incision, assisted by Rev. Lobar Pneumonia as Deacon, in their usual aseptic manner. The Meeting House was tastefully decorated for the occasion with sterile sheets and towels while solution basins and pitchers, made a beautiful background for the bridal party.

The bride was preceded up the aisle by her three attendants, and was given in marriage by her father. She was beautifully attired in a gown of scultetus binders, favoring the Hula dancer vogue with a chic pneumonia jacket bolero. Her coronet of tongue depressors and applicators, and seven yard gauze veil, were old gauze room heirlooms. Her slippers in the gout manner of cotton and bandages, completed her ensemble. She carried an exquisite arm bouquet of O. R. glove orchids, and cotton calla lilies.

The bridesmaids, the Misses Follicular and Quinsy Tonsillitis, were gowned alike in the smart new vogue bedpan cover dress. They wore halo hats of air cushions with short gauze veils—the ensemble being completed by long O. R. stockings. They carried colonial bouquets of cotton, in pastel tints of mercurochrome, iodine and picric acid. The little flower girl, Otitis Media, was sweet in a short dress of bedpan covers, with red corners suitably embroidered, and carried a lovely white enamelled bedpan basket, with cotton ball rosebuds, which she threw before the bride.

The trainbearer, little Master Nasal Polyp, wore a Lord Fauntleroy suit of O. R. overalls, with a smart patient's gown blouse. The groom was supported (and how) by Mr. Gaspaint Gallbladder. The men were all suitably garbed in O. R. trousers and shirts, with matching masks in keeping with the aseptic atmosphere.

During the signing of the register, Miss Uvula Laryngitis sang "I Love You Truly." Mr. and Mrs. Potts left later in Starr's Ambulance for a short honeymoon to Isolation and points south.

P. S.: We wish we had space for the wedding ceremony, which was a riot. However, we hope that the above may give you some idea of the fun. The Refreshment Committee as usual, provided a wonderful supper and judging by the comments, our guests had a grand time.

# POR TS OF CALL

JAPAN - INDIA - SOUTH AFRICA - ENGLAND - NEW YORK - NEW MEXICO  
LABRADOR - AND HOME AGAIN VIA MONTREAL

FROM Calgary the acknowledged (by us) world centre of nursing activity, we proceed to visit our graduates who have blazed a trail for the Training School of the C.G.H. all over the universe. One regret must be mentioned here. We cannot take this trip without thinking of war-stricken China from which country in its deep distress we are unable to hear from Mrs. J. W. Pattee (Kerr of '25). Nevertheless if this Year Book finds its way into her hands, as we devoutly trust it will, she may rest assured we are not going to Press without thinking about her. Let us here express the hope that she, with her family, may in the not too distant future, be back again to look us up.

And now "all aboard" for our "Ports of Call." First on board the S.S. Aorangi—across the Pacific to give us a first stop at Japan to call at St. Luke's Medical Centre, where Miss E. Foerstel of the Class of '24, is waiting to conduct us through that fine institution.

## A VISIT TO ST. LUKE'S HOSPITAL, TOKYO, JAPAN, ESCORTED BY MISS E. FOERSTEL, '24.

I am so glad you have come to spend the day with me. We are not so very busy just now, and I will have time to take you around and show you what I can of interest, but I must warn you beforehand that this is a very up-to-date hospital, like the best you have at home, and you may go away envying us in many ways, especially where the building is concerned.

This hospital was built for the Japanese people and is practically run by them. It was started in a very small way by a really fine man, the late Dr. R. B. Teusler. Though at first only a small house, it has grown and grown, until we now have this fine building, erected to "The Glory of God and the service of humanity." We are justly proud of the institution and we are doing our best to carry on the work which meant so much to him who carried it so far.

There is a large medical staff of senior doctors, their junior associates, internes, and many graduate nurses. There are also some outside graduates, as well as our own student nurses who have four years' training and who have the equivalent of college education. These are all in uniform just as you would see them at home. The men in khaki colored trousers and white coats are what we call Kozukais. They do all the floor cleaning, carrying of stretchers, etc. The ladies in yellow uniforms are the floor kitchen amahs, who also assist in the arranging of flowers and the care of the linen rooms. The boys whom you see everywhere wearing blue serge uniforms with the hospital initials on the collars are what we call "Boy Sans," and each floor owns one, to run messages, direct the visitors, etc. So when you enter the hospital you will know just exactly what duties these different uniformed people perform.

Now we will start on our way. Before you have gone very far you will find yourself beginning to nod at everyone you pass, and although it is not our own way of greeting we soon fall into the habit. I know I shall have a hard time parting with this habit when I return home. Unfamiliar with the language, it helps a lot to know that by just bowing your head you are taking part in a greeting such as "Ohiogozaimas," Good morning; or "Konichiwa," Good day, etc. It is quite acceptable to those whom you are greeting, and it is not necessary to say anything.

Ah! This is the old hospital building we are in. Here are the doctors' offices and clinics. You see how busy they are—starting at any time after 7.00 o'clock a.m. The drug room too, what a busy place! There are so many out patients for whom prescriptions have to be filled, besides all the hospital patients. We look forward to the day when all this work will be done in one building when the new hospital is completed. At present, conditions are such that no building is allowed to proceed which uses constructional steel. We have come from my house this way as it is shorter, and we will have to cross the road. Mind you don't get knocked down by that bicycle; did you ever see a land where there are so many of them? This entrance is one of our biggest troubles, for everybody and everything has to come through here. When the new building is ready only the staff will enter this way, but at present there is nothing we can do about the inconvenience.

Upon entering, if you wear "Geta," Japanese footwear, the Kozukai will take them from you and give you a pair of "Zori," Japanese slippers, for we cannot have the clatter of the former down our corridors. "What is that odor?" you say. I am not surprised, for along this corridor the kitchen and the dining rooms are situated. It is unfortunate that we must pass so close to them. I have become used to the odor, and the Japs themselves of course do not notice it, but I know that newcomers find it offensive. The Japanese pickles are responsible!

Approaching the elevators we find we have a choice of three. Do you not think our elevator girls look nice in their blue uniforms with their white collars and cuffs? The girls are of a nice type, too. Here is the fifth floor, my domain. I am very proud of it. The



St. Luke's International Hospital, Tokyo, Japan



Kitchen—St. Luke's Hospital, Tokyo, Japan

nice black and white corridor is shining its very best. Yes! Those are the call bells for doctors and supervisor. These bells make no noise—you just keep your eye on them. My bell number is 375. There are clocks in each section so we always know the time.

This floor is all Surgery—men and women. It is in three sections. "C" is mostly semi-private rooms, and two small, women's wards. "B" is all private rooms, and the other is the men's general ward. Each section has its own nurses' station, and utility room. There is one main floor kitchen and one treatment room. Here is Mrs. Takayanagi, my Japanese supervisor for the whole floor. She has two head nurses for each section, who again have their staff of nurses according to the number of patients. We have central service for the whole floor to include linen and supplies of all kinds, thus simplifying requisitions and space. Takayanagi San is a gem. Yes! I believe she is just half my size in height and weight, but is she capable! Being a little older than the other nurses they have a great respect for her, besides which they know that she knows her work. Wait, I will introduce you to her. Oh, yes, she speaks perfect English, she was in America for several years. You must also meet another of my nurses who speaks English and speaks it well. She has never been abroad—just learned it here. All of our own graduates speak very well. Let us look at the charts—all in English and what fine printing. Even the doctors do their part in English. It is one of the rules of St. Luke's, that only English should be used on the charts. The Japanese do have many quaint ways of expressing themselves. Look at this—"very tired on whole body," and "feeling very thirsty."

I usually greet Mrs. Takayanagi first, and see how things are generally—coming back later to see the patients. I have to see what is scheduled in the operating room, whether any anaesthetics are needed, or any foreigners are coming up.

Come, we will go through these folding doors where you will behold the rest of my department. It is all in green tile—floors and walls. On the right are the operating rooms, whilst on the left are work rooms, supply rooms, offices and doctors' and nurses' rooms. Please come into my office, and seeing it is such a fine morning, take a look out of those folding doors. Magnificent, isn't it? Yes, there are not many places in Tokyo where you can get such a grand view of Fugi San, Japan's once famous volcano, standing all alone.

Here is the schedule. Not very much booked today so far. It is very difficult to get them to book ahead of time—most of it being done a few hours before operation, which makes it difficult for us to plan our work. The largest percentage of our work is "Ear, Nose and Throat" and there is not much preparation needed. We only average about six to seven cases a day, but as everywhere, some days are very busy. My staff consists of a supervisor (who also administers anaesthetics) and five graduate nurses, besides two or three student nurses who have about six weeks' training here, a good part of which time is taken up with class work. All we attempt to teach them is the meaning of "sterile" and give them a general idea of the work. If they wish to take up this work they have to post-graduate in it.

As you see, we have two major and minor operating rooms, also this room for plaster cases. This room, which we are now using for a supply room, was originally the anaesthetic room, but as so very little general anaesthetic is used and we needed the space, we put it into use. What anaesthesia do they use? It is so different from home. In the first place you have a people who, for generations, have been taught to bear pain—never to complain—therefore they have not nerves like ours, and though sometimes it really does hurt, it is the last thing they will confess to. The doctor is a sensei (teacher) to them, and he can do no wrong, and their absolute confidence is in him. Therefore patients do not come to us apprehensive, but calm and collected. One wonders for how many more generations this will be so. Already the younger people are less brave than their elders; and we do get called upon sometimes to put a patient to sleep. They are all well premedicated, local and spinal anaesthesia are used most—as a rule with much success. However, there are times when these cannot be used and then ether or ethyl chloride are administered. We have three gas machines but the gas is very expensive, as it all has to be imported, and the patients do not seem to take to it at all. In my three and a half years here I believe I have not used gas more than fifty times, and only about ten times on Japanese patients.

Now come and put on a gown, cap, booties and mask (this latter is the most important in their eyes) and we will go in and see what the doctors are doing. I am glad our number

one man, Prof. Shiota, is operating. He specializes in stomach and intestinal operations. He is Japan's first man for this work and we are very proud and happy to have him. I should have warned you—the cotton gloves. He insists on them. Says he can't feel with rubber ones. We do not approve, but it is a very difficult situation as our medical superintendent being Japanese, also cannot insist. But watch his work! It makes you feel at home. And see how wonderfully the nurses scrub and do their duties. They are neat with their hands. Yes! that is silk they are using for sutures. It is used here almost completely for everything, from intestinal work to skin. All interrupted sutures. Keeps the scrub nurse busy. No—no sponge count. They say it is not necessary and the doctor is responsible, so we go on "hoping for the best." And the wounds on the whole are very good, not many stitch abscesses.

You feel the heat pretty much here, too, don't you? It is the humidity. Not so high by thermometer but very oppressive. And noise? (Noises, odors and scenes do not affect these people), well, that is just one thing that certainly does not disturb the O.R. staff or patient. Hence the geta (wooden clogs) which the doctors are wearing. They can be scrubbed with lysol solution and they think they are the best footwear. We would think so, too, except for the noise. So far I have been able to prevent the doctors insisting on the nurses wearing them. I have argued that their shoes need not be changed for they only wear them in the building, while the doctors wear their's in the streets.

Now let us look into this other room. Yes, a child having her tonsils out under local anaesthetic. The adenoids will come out, too, in the same way. Do they always sit up like that and "take it?" Yes, most of them do. They always come to the O.R. with the greatest of interest, never crying. They do not remove tonsils for children less than four years old. They are usually very good about the painting and injection, but, as some of us know, that does not always deaden all the pain, and most of them give a little squirm when the tonsil actually comes out. But they are soon over it and hold no hard feelings. Yes, we have some who fight and scream, but they are made to go through with it.

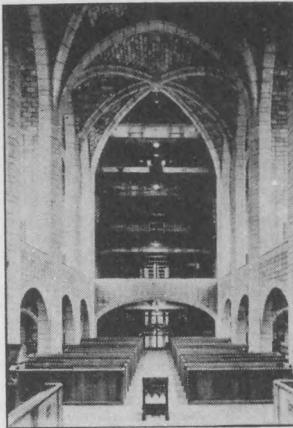
Nearly every day in the summer time is clinic day here, and it is surprising with what speed they can work under a local. We have a very large percentage of Antrum of High-more operations, and it is excellent work. I wish we had more time, for there are many cases I would like you to see.

Let us go across to the supply room, it is central supply to the whole hospital. Hypodermoclysis sets, saline (we are only responsible for the sterilizing of it), all dressings and linen, etc. Yes, a graduate nurse is responsible with her three amahs (maids) who work here all the time, and then the clinic nurses who have finished their work come over each day for an hour or so. Four autoclaves are in action most of the day. The O.R. nurses' uniforms I think are very nice; only plain dresses with square neck, no collar, and short sleeves. They always change to regular uniform when going to meals or off duty.

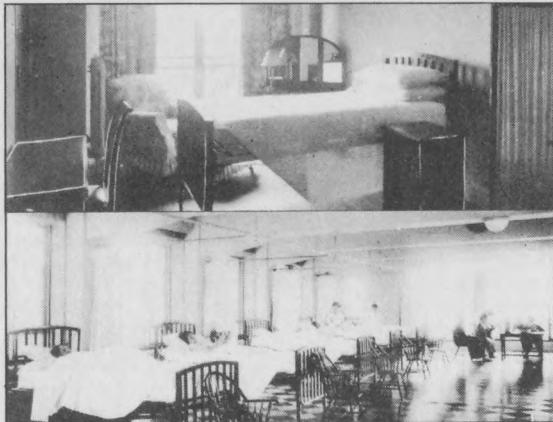
Now I will take you to see one or two of my not-so-ill patients. Yes, I make rounds daily with my Japanese supervisor, seeing every patient daily, and those who are very ill more often, if I can help in any way. The patients seem to like my coming. I do very little for them, but sometimes straightening a pillow, or a little chat (through interpreter) seems to cheer them up, or at least pass away some of their time. Come, we will go in here and see Mr. Maki. Fractured leg, up in spica for three weeks. Now having gentle massage and hopes to be up soon in the chair. "Ohiogozaimas, Maki San! this is my friend from Canada who is visiting here and enjoying your country." The patient welcomes you and hopes you will be happy here. He likes to know where you are from, and tells you he has not yet visited your country but hopes to do so some day. I have just asked him how he is feeling today, if he slept well last night, and how the meal trays are. He says I speak very good Japanese, but the trouble is he does not know how limited it is! For these are about all the questions I can ask him. Yes, he talked quite a lot to me and I can understand a good deal of what he said, but far be it from me to answer him, so I get Takayanagi San to do so for me. "Sayonara, odaijini." We always say that when leaving them. It means goodbye and take care of yourself.

Aren't these lovely private rooms? Some are pale green, the others cream. You can have a room with a bath and toilet, or just toilet, or with neither. Our work is about one-third charity, one-third part pay, and one-third full pay. The Japanese accounts run at only two per cent unpaid bills. Every relation comes to the help of one who is ill. These patients never complain. You see them every day, and from the first they always say everything is all right, they have no pain, etc. They are a lovely people to take care of, and most grateful for the smallest things done for them. In a Japanese hospital the relatives must come in and take care of the patient and cook for them, etc., so it is sometimes a little difficult to make them understand that they need not do so here. They often insist that they must stay with the patient, so we have a section which we call the "hotel section" and if these people can afford to take a room there, they are allowed to do so. The others soon come to understand our ways and give in.

Come now into this big sunny ward. We all feel that if we were to be ill we would be ever so happy to go into a ward. As you see, each cubicle can be curtained off, no need of screens, etc., and there is so much space and air. The student nurses do most of their practice here, and that means the patient gets the very best of care, for the students are



St. Luke's Chapel, Tokyo, Japan



St. Luke's Hospital, Private Room (above); L Ward (below).

well supervised. Does it seem strange to you to see all the different bed wear? The very ill keep to hospital gown, but as soon as they are better they like to get into their yukata (kimona worn in bed). Some ask for pyjamas. They all (if they can get away with it) like to wear their tummy bands, "Haramaki" at night—also shorts.

Are not the flowers lovely? All year round they are so. Do you hear that little sizzling noise? Well, on that plant hangs a tiny cage, and in that you will find an insect that makes that noise. The patients like them. Goldfish are also brought to the patients. These have a very cooling effect, and they love to watch them. There is so much to see, and we could go on and on, but time shortens and I must return to my work.

But before I say goodbye just come to these doors off the ward and look down into our lovely chapel. From here organ music and singing often drift up to the wards, and the patients enjoy it so much. Each floor is the same and patients may sit here if they wish, and enjoy the many services which are held. And now I must go. Please give a message to all my good friends at home. How I should love to show them through too, besides showing them the country and the people, my home and my work. Goodbye, and please come again.

#### INDIA

By MISS LUCY COOPER, Class '30, Vizianagram, Vizag. Dist., India.

THIS first year in India I have not had much contact with hospital work as the Mission Board said that it would be better for me to be away from a hospital till after my first examination in the language. It is necessary for me to spend most of my time studying language to be ready for the examination, which is in November. Yesterday I taught the Sunday School lesson in Telugu to a little class of girls. It is nice to be able to talk and understand a little when others speak, though sometimes it seems as though I would never be able to follow a conversation as there are always so many new words and the people talk so fast. In teaching the children I tell them stories they have heard before, then ask questions. Then even if I don't understand the answer given the children correct each other if mistakes are made. We have an orphanage on our mission compound at this station. There are about sixty children here at present. They take great delight in calling me "Auntie," and are always ready to try to talk to me, also laugh if I make a mistake.



One day I went out with one of our doctors to a village dispensary in a village a few miles from her hospital. Either she or one of the Indian doctors from the hospital goes out twice a week, taking a nurse with them. The dispensary is a two-room building. The front room is waiting room and consulting room, and the back room contains an examining table and shelves with various medicines. The doctor has to carry on unmindful of curious strangers, for if she shut the door people would be afraid to come in. Some of the patients just wanted more medicine and came in carrying their bottles by a piece of string tied around the neck; and a slip of paper with the name of the medicine. Others required operations and were told to go to the hospital. One woman brought in her month-old baby. She had been confined at our hospital and was quite proud to show how well the child had got along after she went home. She had it dressed in more clothes than most Indian babies wear, even woollen booties and jacket.

When I was at the hospital I saw a craniotomy done. Practically all the normal cases that come into the hospital are women who have been in for prenatal care. The per-

age of these increases as the years go by, though they still have a large number of abnormal cases—women whom the village midwives have been unable to deliver. Often by the time they come in—probably some time after labor has started—the baby is already dead, due either to syphilis or the prolonged labor in the case of some child mothers. In this case a craniotomy is always done.

There are generally one or more relatives in the room during the case. To a certain extent this has to be permitted as people who have not had much contact with the missionaries are afraid to trust the patient out of their sight for fear we will do some harm. The door into the operating room is screened and during an operation there is always someone looking in.

Relatives or friends look after the patients' meals. Sometimes there are some rather queer beliefs to overcome. One of our doctors told me that many people think that a woman shouldn't even have water to drink or food of any kind for three days after her confinement. However, they will take medicine, so she overcomes that difficulty by having

the dispenser prepare a large jug of water every morning with soda, flavoring and some coloring material. Every maternity case has to have a large glass of that mixture every morning, noon and night for the first few days.

Rice is the main item of diet. Most of the Indian people think that they haven't had anything to eat if they haven't had rice. One day when the above mentioned doctor was going to operate on a patient, instructions were given that the patient was to have no food in the morning but when the anaesthetic was given, it was discovered that some food most decidedly had been taken. When questioned, a relative said, "Oh, she didn't have anything at all to eat—just a cup of coffee and some bread!"

Next year I will be working in a hospital so then will be able to write you some first-hand news.



### CAPETOWN, SOUTH AFRICA

Extract from a letter from MISS JEAN LYNDS (Class '24), Groote Schuur Hospital.

"This really is a lovely spot—gorgeous sea and mountain scenery. Also the greatest variety of flowers which are huge and very brilliant owing to the long growing season. We have flowers the year round. Have been on a "skin" ward ever since I arrived—one for 'whites' and one for colored people. Just now we have a lot of colored youngsters—they really are adorable. The real natives are very smart and speak our language readily. I wish I could learn Afrikaans as easily.

There are eighteen Canadians here now. The last two will arrive August 5th—one from Montreal and one from Edmonton. We have a good time among ourselves."

### ENGLAND

The following is an excerpt from a letter written by Evelyn Derry, R.N., who graduated from the Calgary General Hospital in 1934. Miss Derry has been on the staff of the Evelyn Hospital in Cambridge, England, for the past two years.—Editor.

"I had a most delightful holiday, having spent a week each at Evesham and Yorkshire and the balance in Scotland. I told you I had the loan of an Austin 16 for my holiday. We averaged about 175 miles per day and travelled a total of 2,000 miles in Scotland alone. We went along the west coast.

The first night we motored from Evesham to the English Lakes where we stayed at a lovely old house overlooking Rydal Water. The English lakes are beautiful, but to my mind they are surpassed by the Scottish lakes.

We crossed the border at Gretna Green and travelled along to Airdrie, Sterling and Oban where the Highland Games were being held. Later we passed through the Trossacks, which is one of the most beautiful places in Scotland. We passed by Callander—a heavenly place of forest of silver birch and pines and enchanting water falls.

From here we passed on to Loch Lomond, Fort William and as far North as Garve; then returned by way of Inverness, Perth, Balmoral, Braemar and Edinburgh. I do hope you will some day get an opportunity to see the War Memorial here. It is unique and probably one of the most beautiful in the world.

In Scotland we met some very charming people who were so kind to us that we felt we had known them all our lives. I remember one little village in particular called Merryborough where we met a delightful woman who had daughters in South Africa, one, I think, training at the new hospital in Capetown. Mrs. MacLeod (our hostess), when she learned we were nurses, did not want to take any money from us.

I was particularly impressed by the beauty of the Scottish girls. They had such nice complexions and delightful voices.

All told, our Scottish holiday was heavenly and I resolved some day to return there to spend the balance of my life amid the glorious scenery and charming people.

On my return to England I was thrown headlong into the Air Raid Protection work. We made stretchers day and night. Numerous people in Cambridge dug trenches in their gardens and at the hospital we had pails of water and sand bags in readiness. The College buildings were made ready for children and for patients evacuated from London hospitals. Of course, we were all issued gas masks but the type for use by civilians seemed to be of little value. However, I suppose they would have sufficed until the type used by officers could have been produced in sufficient quantities. At present we have them stored for service at some future date.

#### NEW YORK, U.S.A.

Extract from a letter from Mrs. A. H. STEPNEY (Vivien Connell, '19).

"I nursed in San Francisco nine years, was the nurse in a large department store, and really enjoyed the work. Then I married, and my husband is with the Standard Oil Co. of California. For three years we lived on an Island called Bahrain in the Persian Gulf off the coast of Arabia. The company has a fine oil field there. It was a most interesting experience. We went across the Pacific via Hawaii, China, Japan and India. Last year when we returned we spent some time in Europe and England; then to New York where we bought a car and drove to San Francisco, returning by train to New York."

#### NEW MEXICO

A glimpse of New Mexico as described by Mrs. P. G. FERGUSON (A. Millard of '18).

"GREETING AMIGO, from the South-west, Indians, blankets and all the rest. Where we eat chili-con-carne and frijoles and burn to death on that Mexican stew!"

From Alberta, Canada, to New Mexico, U.S.A., is a long distance, but they are both ranching areas, and the country is similar, except that we have cacti and semi-desert soil where you have wild roses and fertile soil.

This little village of Magdalena is in the mountains. It's an old mining town and that's gold as well as lead, copper, zinc and silver in them thar' hills.

The Sherwin-Williams Paint Company has a big mine and smelter here but they are not operating at present.

This state is a treasure house for archeologists, as there are so many Indian ruins—several of cliff dwellers. Then there are so many pueblos of the modern Indians, but the natives, Spanish Americans, make up most of the population. We have some noted art colonies such as the one at Taos (pronounced Touse).

The cities have very fine hospitals and T. B. Sanatoria, and Tingley Hospital, Hot Springs, N.M., is for crippled children. It is a wonderful building and is much like the hospital at Warm Springs, Georgia.

My regards to all my old friends, not forgetting Jimmie and Jerusha!

Editor's note—Jerusha is no longer a spinster, and is now the proud mother of a baby girl, who, like her famous mother is "on duty" in the demonstration room. (She does NOT resemble Jimmie.)

#### LABRADOR

##### "LEAVES FROM MY LIFE"

By MISS E. G. GRAHAM (Class '15), Secretary Grenfell Labrador Medical Mission.



Since there are few stores in Labrador, the people must go to the sea for their food, not only as pantry but as highway.

fingers to elbow like a baby. The unwrapping disclosed a hand all swollen out of shape, a bread poultice offering food and moisture to the infection in his thumb. "Yes Miss, a fish-hook did it three days ago." Hot soaks with a nap or two in between kept him all day at the Station. Half a dozen children trooped in for their third dose of diphtheria toxoid. A tired little mother trudged four miles carrying her baby for us to weigh, and advise her about feedings. Two chubby, but not too clean, little lads came in with suspicious scabs on their chins. "Any others in your school like that, Max?" "Yes Miss, three of the girls." Treated and advised they marched off, promising to send the girls in tomorrow. Then a couple of men came in to get teeth "hauled." One protested loudly all the while, but the other saying little, quietly slid to the floor in a heap as the last tooth came out.

ALONG a coastline of some seventy miles there were only two of us to answer all the calls at the dispensary and pay visits to the homes. When it was not a baby coming there would Jim D's wife with a terrible cough, a pain in her side and "feelin' wonderful hot" or simply the call, "Do come, Miss Mary's took bad."

All day Friday I had been busy—first thing in the morning a fisherman had arrived at the door with his arm in a sling wrapped from

Between patients' visits there had been one or two insistant telephone calls from a mother about twelve miles away asking repeatedly that a nurse come to "sound" her sixteen-year-old daughter. No details could be extracted, but just "I'd like you to come, Miss." Each time I explained how busy I was, tried to tell her that without some more details of the trouble I could not go. It did not really sound serious, and I had somehow almost forgotten her as I sat enjoying a good dinner before the fire in our shabby but comfortable living-room. Then as a bearer of bad news Johanna, our little hand maiden, brought in a note from a boy at the door. Many such notes coming to us are difficult to understand, but in this the serious details startled me. I hurried out to question Sam, aged nineteen, husband of the sixteen-year-old subject of many telephone calls. I asked about mode of travel. "No Miss, we ain't got no boat." The state of roads, route to take, etc., were hastily discussed as I pulled on a pair of rubber boots, grabbed my bag and flashlight and started off just at dusk with a stiff breeze blowing to walk the twelve miles. Sam avowed that if we crossed the "mesh" it would cut off three miles. I was dubious—knowing little of the trackless, boggy marsh. However, three miles of facing into the wind changed my mind, and as Sam kept repeating "I knows every step of the way, Miss," I hesitatingly turned off the road just as dark descended upon us. On we tramped, sometimes tripping over fallen logs, several times going into boggy holes over our knee boots; but not till I heard a suspicious sound from my guide were my fears aroused. On questioning the noble Sam I got between sobs "I ain't right lost Miss, I just can't find the path. She's gone!" A bit discouraging it is true, but we floundered about through ponds, low brush and into bogs and out again until I was too tired to care where we were. The only redeeming feature seemed that we were in a sort of natural basin and out of the wind. Finally I said "Now Sam, I'm going to be pilot for a while. We're both lost but I believe if you follow me we'll come out somewhere." I felt the courage of my convictions because in the distance I thought I could dimly hear the surf on the land wash. With that sound before us we started off, and what a tramp through thick brush and undergrowth till out we came almost at the door of the houses in Little Bay, TWO MILES ONLY from where we had left the road five hours before! I was tempted to go into Uncle Ab's for a rest but I resolutely set my face into the wind and on we went following the shore line for the ten miles we still had to go. We arrived before daylight, and I staggered across the doorstep of a completely darkened house. Everyone was in bed and asleep, but on rousing the mother I was calmly informed that her daughter had taken castor oil and was "All well." The note she had SENT me had been written two years before describing the symptoms of an aged aunt!

I turned limply to Sam and said, "Young man, build it, steal it, or borrow it, but get a boat to take me home, in two hours. I'm going across the road to old Aunt Polly's for a nap." Sure enough a motor boat was produced and I was taken home in state, arriving in time for a bath and several cups of coffee, to brace me for another busy day.

#### MONTREAL CANADA.

A letter from Mrs. D. J. MUNN (M. Moodie, '30), 4273 Dorchester St. Westmount, Que.

**D**URING the past year my husband has been associated with the only negro church in Canada. The minister, Rev. Charles Este, is a Britisher from Antigua. Most of the negro people in Montreal are British—either British West Indies or Canadian born.

I wish you could meet these friendly, happy people, and see the activities in their church. Their church building by the way, is of particular historic interest as it was used by Father Chiniguy, a former Roman Catholic priest converted to Protestantism. Many of these people since the church was used for the negro group, came into the United Church from the Congregational Church. I think I have never known a church with greater activity, nor keener enthusiasm. One of the groups we enjoyed most was the Midweek Fellowship Meeting. There we heard and sang many of the familiar negro spirituals and heard new ones which were too complicated for us to learn at one or even two hearings.

Unlike most "white" churches the evening congregation at Union is larger and almost always fills the church. We had the good fortune to visit a couple who were celebrating their silver wedding. We visited the homes of some of our people and learned of the difficulties they face. Several of our friends from other churches visited Union and enjoyed their experience as much as we did. Our only regret was that the work came to an end for us and we no longer take part in all of its affairs.

#### IN MEMORIAM

**Mrs. WALLACE STROM, nee DOROTHY STANDERWICK, '35.**

"Our little systems have their day,  
They have their day, and cease to be." —TENNYSON.

# AROUND THE C.G.H. WITH THE EDITOR



WE took a trip up to the General a few days ago, and as we meandered through the traffic our thoughts drifted backward with a feeling of affectionate loyalty toward an Institution where we had spent three happy and constructive years. It saddened us a little however, that the erection of a new building has not so far been possible. But we are still hoping, and those in charge are quite undaunted as we discovered on entering the Hospital, for the old spirit remains and the work done and improvements made under adverse circumstances really thrilled us.

Every dressing room now boasts a really modern sterilizer with plenty of hot and cold sterile water. No more fishing for instruments through a maze of steam. There is a special gadget that lets the steam off elsewhere. (We are interested in this patent, and feel that its possibilities should not be overlooked!)

Another improvement which impressed us is the gradual replacement of all enamel-ware by monel metal. This is especially noticeable in maternity where the ancient containers for swabs, etc., and all those nasty little jugs, have been cast out.

In the case rooms, scrub-up room, nursery and office, the floors are all shining with new linoleum. The private rooms were always small, and they have no view (who cares about a view in "mat." anyway), but the standard of nursing is still 100 per cent.

For your information there were six hundred infants born last year. The infant mortality was ten. Mothers who died in childbirth—one. Not a bad record for a twenty-five bed maternity ward.

The children's ward, now situated at the south end of 2nd East, has just been re-decorated, and is particularly bright and cheerful.

On 3rd we found a new well-equipped examination room. We peeked into the gauze room just say "phooey." It still smells of oakum—though we were told that oakum went out with the undershirt. The old lunch room is now a ward kitchen (this nettled us a little), but we old gals know that SHADES of cocoa shakes, tea and toast trays, and the irate figure of poor Miss Allen vainly searching for her soup pots will always haunt that spot.

On 4th we found everything very spic and span, and having made an appointment with Miss Murphy, we sallied forth to the O.R. Here we found the greatest changes. The walls are now painted half way up a lovely soft robin's egg blue, and every O.R. table has a real mattress. In room "1" we found a new Kny Sheerer table—the most complete affair we have ever seen. It does everything but return the patient to the ward. That and the new Le Scialytique "overhead adjustable" light—leave nothing to be desired by the surgeon. We were most interested in the latest facilities for producing anaesthesia. There are two tanks each of nitrous oxide, carbon dioxide, and oxygen. These gases are conveniently piped into every O.R. The final hook-up struck us a being rather complicated, but then we are not very clever. There was also a small tank of cyclopropane which we were told is the last thing in anaesthetics—one whiff and the patient is wafted gently into the arms of Morpheus in the most approved manner. We also noted the instrument cupboard filled to capacity with Down's Bros. stainless steel instruments. There is a cystoscopic table in room "1"—a very special floor lamp, a new electric knife, and last but not least, the local anaesthetic chair given by the Alumnae, which looks most business-like in the specialist's room.

We were interested to learn that the number of operations in 1937 totalled 2617; while in 1938 up to October 8th the number of major operations was 686 with 1418 minors, making a total of 2104 operations for approximately nine months. All solutions used are made in the O.R. We think they are busier than we ever were. The work seems so much more complicated but intensely interesting, and in spite of recollections of very tired feet, and weary nights on call, we came away with a pang of regret that we had been born 20 years too soon.

We nearly forgot 1st West ("A" ward to you 1917), which is almost entirely taken up by the X-Ray Dept., the Pharmacy and the Lab. The original children's ward now houses the old men, who incidentally still give forth an aroma of wintergreen and hot packs.

Now we leave the hospital having done our best to give you a picture of the old C.G.H. as it is today. Perhaps your next Year Book will be filled with plans for a new building. Who knows? In the meantime we are endeavoring to help in a very small way with new furniture, and new equipment where it is most needed; all of which may easily be removed to the new Hospital—WHEN WE GET IT.

# NEWS OF OUR NURSES

## THIS YEAR'S POST GRADUATES

1933	ANNE M. FALLIS 115 Constance St., Toronto 3.	Post graduate course, University of Toronto in Ward Supervision and Administration.
1933	LORETTA SHANTZ Calgary, after January 1st, 1939.	Taking post graduate course in Surgery at the Vancouver General Hospital.
1936	PHYLLIS BODEN c/o V.O.N. Montreal.	Graduate staff of Central Alberta Sanatorium. Taking post graduate course in Public Health at McGill School of Nursing, 1939.
1937	MARJORIE FLORENDINE 1605—32nd Avenue S.W., Calgary.	Post graduate course in Public Health, and also studying for B.Sc., degree at University of Washington.
1938	JEAN BYRDIE ANDERSON c/o Calgary General Hospital.	Took post graduate course for three months in Operating Room Technique at Vancouver General Hospital. Purposes taking post graduate course in Public Health while there.
1938	DOROTHY MARY HAITH London, England.	Short course in Laboratory and X-ray Technique at University Hospital, sponsored by Department of Public Health, Alberta.
1938	DORIS HELEN DANCEY Blackie, Alberta.	Taking post graduate course at the Margaret Hague Maternity Hospital, Hudson County, Jersey City, New Jersey, U.S.A.
1937	MARGARET SMYTHE	

## MARRIAGES

Cupid seems to have been very busy this year. Among those to succumb to his charms:

LOIS ROGERS	'38	Mrs. Wm. Wales, Tudor Apts., Lethbridge, Alta.
M. L. SHAW	'36	Mrs. C. H. Flanary, Lewiston, Idaho.
M. V. SHAW	'36	Mrs. R. R. Hunt, Priest Lake, Idaho.
NORMA COX	'30	Mrs. Earl Goodwin, High River.
HELEN CONN	'37	Mrs. H. C. Eldridge, Suite 2, 1030—16th Ave. West, Calgary.
O. L. JAMIESON	'36	Mrs. Geo. Bleakney, 1236 Davie Street, Vancouver.
L. HANNA	'28	Mrs. T. W. Valentine, 1834—34th Avenue S.W., Calgary.
A. WOLFE	'36	Mrs. A. E. Hilling, 2520—16th St. E., Calgary.
HELEN RANDALL	'34	Mrs. R. Maskell, 319—13th Avenue East, Calgary.
HELEN HENDERSON	'34	Mrs. P. Giles, 911—15th Avenue West, Calgary.
B. McMURCHY	'33	Mrs. W. H. Payne, Innisfail.
G. M. WILLIAMS	'32	Mrs. Jas. L. Wilson, Vancouver, B.C.
NEDRA MACALLISTER	'31	Mrs. H. S. Snelson, Turner Valley, Alta.
R. BUTTERFIELD	'31	Mrs. Ballard, Turner Valley, Alta.
M. V. KAY	'30	Mrs. C. Kenyon, Boyne Lake, Alta.
A. P. OGILVIE	'33	Mrs. A. Fletcher, Colville, Wash.
E. M. SMITH	'36	Mrs. H. Wright, 710—4th Street N.E., Calgary. Alberta.

## BIRTHS—How Mr. Stork does get about!! During 1938 he visited the following:

Mrs. Schutroski, Mrs. J. Eakon, Mrs. D. J. Munn, Mrs. R. Linton, Mrs. W. B. Cromarty, Mrs. H. Fisher, Mrs. F. Crisall, Mrs. J. S. Wheatley, all of Calgary; also Mrs. Otis Allen, Rockyford; Mrs. A. E. Warrington, Victoria, B.C.; Mrs. J. Smith, Deseronto, Ont., and Mrs. A. E. Dunn, Longview, Alta.

Miss L. Bibby, class '33, is now in charge of the V.O.N., in Calgary.

Miss Hariat Whale, who had the misfortune to fracture her arm in a motor accident while on holiday this summer, is making progress and we all hope to see her back on duty very soon. We miss her at our meetings very much.



## ALUMNAE ACTIVITIES AND ACHIEVEMENTS FOR THE YEAR 1938

### ACTIVITIES

JANUARY	Election of Officers and Annual Reports
FEBRUARY	Illustrated talk by Mr. S. A. Vallance, "Unfamiliar Ways."
MARCH	The Seven Ages of Man, from "As You Like It". Dr. E. P. Scarlett
APRIL	"The V.O.N." talk and demonstration. Miss L. Bibby
MAY	The Banquet and Reunion
JUNE	Business Meeting
SEPTEMBER	Business Meeting and "After-holiday" Reunion
OCTOBER 3rd	Student Nurses' Party
OCTOBER 6th	Tea at Junior Red Cross Hospital for Nurses
OCTOBER 28th	Attending the Provincial Convention.
NOVEMBER	Annual Ice Frolic
DECEMBER	Talk on Hospital Insurance Scheme. Mr. J. Farish
	Christmas Party

### ACHIEVEMENTS

During 1938 the Alumnae purchased for the Hospital:

- For Third Floor—Four "Deep Sleep" mattresses and two steel wardrobes, with the idea of bringing four private rooms up to date.
- For Maternity—Two Gatch beds with "Deep Sleep" mattresses for semi-private ward.
- For the O.R.—One Specialists' chair and refurnished the Waiting Room with Chrome-Leatherette Suite.

TOTAL SUM SPENT FOR HOSPITAL DURING THE YEAR ..... \$550.00

## A Prayer

Give me a good digestion, Lord,  
And also something to digest;  
Give me a healthy body, Lord,  
With sense to keep it at its best;  
Give me a healthy mind, good Lord,  
To keep the good and pure in sight,  
Which seeing "Sin" is not appalled,  
But finds a way to set it right.

Give me a mind that is not bored,  
That does not whimper, whine, or sigh;  
Don't let me worry overmuch  
About that fussy thing called "I,"  
Give me a sense of humour, Lord,  
Give me the grace to see a joke  
To get some happiness from life,  
And pass it on to other folk.

—Found in Chester Cathedral.